Numb. 107

The TATLER.

By *Isaac Bickerstaff* Esq;

Ah Miser!
Quanta laboras in Charybdi
Digne Puer meliore Flamma? Hor.

From *Tuesday December* 13. to *Thursday December* 15. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, December 14.

ABout Four this Afternoon, which is the Hour I uſually put my ſelf in a Readineſs to receive Company, there enter'd a Gentleman who I believed at firſt came upon ſome ordinary Queſtion; but as he approached nearer to me, I ſaw in his Countenance a deep Sorrow, mix'd with a certain ingenuous Complacency, that gave me a ſudden Good-will towards him. He ſtar'd, and betray'd an Abſence of Thought as he was going to communicate his Buſineſs to me. But at laſt, recovering himſelf, he ſaid, with an Air of great Reſpect, Sir, It would be an Injury to your Knowledge in the Occult Sciences to tell you what is my Diſtreſs; I dare ſay you read it in my Countenance: I therefore beg your Advice to the moſt unhappy of all Men. Much Experience has made me particularly ſagacious in the Diſcovery of Diſtempers, and I ſoon ſaw that his was Love. I then turned to my Common-place Book, and found his Caſe under the Word *Coquette*; and reading over the Catalogue which I have collected out of this great City of all under that Character, I ſaw at the Name of *Cynthia* his Fit came upon him. I repeated the Name thrice after a muſing Manner, and immediately perceived his Pulſe quicken two Thirds; when his Eyes, inſtead of the Wildneſs with which they appeared at his Entrance, looked with all the Gentleneſs imaginable upon me, not without Tears. Oh! Sir, ſaid he, you know not the unworthy Uſage I have met with from the Woman my Soul doats on. I could gaze at her to the End of my Being; yet when I have done ſo, for ſome Time paſt I have found her Eyes fix'd on another. She is now Two and twenty, in the full Tyranny of her Charms, which ſhe once acknowledg'd ſhe rejoic'd in, only as they made her Choice of me, out of a Crowd of Admirers, the more obliging. But in the Midſt of this Happineſs, ſo it is Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, that young *Quickſett*, who is juſt come to Town, without any other Recommendation then that of being tolerably handſome, and exceſſively rich, has won her Heart in ſo ſhameleſs a Manner, that ſhe dies for him. In a Word, I would conſult you how to cure my ſelf of this Paſſion for an ungrateful Woman, who triumphs in her Falſhood, and can make no Man happy, becauſe her own Satisfaction conſiſts chiefly in being capable of giving Diſtreſs. I know *Quickſett* is at preſent conſiderable with her for no other Reaſon but that he can be without her, and feel no Pain in the Loſs. Let me therefore deſire you, Sir, to fortify my Reaſon againſt the Levity of an Inconſtant, who ought only to be treated with Neglect. All this Time I was looking over my Receipts, and ask'd him if he had any good Winter Boots — Boots Sir! ſaid my Patient — I went on; You may eaſily reach *Harwich* in a Day, ſo as to be there when the Packet goes off. Sir, ſaid the Lover, I find you deſign me for Travelling; but alas! I have no Language, it will be the ſame Thing to me as Solitude to be in a ſtrange Country. I have, continued he, indeed been many Years in Love with this Creature, and have almoſt loſt even my *Engliſh*, at leaſt to ſpeak ſuch as any body elſe does. I asked a Tenant of ours, who came up to Town the other Day with Rent, whether the Flowry Meads near my Father's Houſe in the Country had any Shepherd in it. I have called a Cave a Grotto theſe Three Years, and muſt keep ordinary Company, and frequent Buſie People for ſome Time, before I can recover my common Words. I ſmiled at his Raillery upon himſelf, tho' I well ſaw it came from an heavy Heart. You are (ſaid I) acquainted to be ſure with ſome of the General Officers; Suppoſe you made a Campaigne? If I did, (ſaid he) I ſhould venture more than any Man there, for I ſhould be in Danger of ſtarving; my Father is ſuch an untoward old Gentleman, that he would tell me he found it hard enough to pay his Taxes towards the War, without making it more expenſive by an Allowance to me. With all this, he is as fond as he is rugged, and I am his only Son.

I looked upon the young Gentleman with much Tenderneſs, and not like a Phyſician, but a Friend; for I talked to him ſo largely, that if I had parcelled my Diſcourſe into diſtinct Preſcriptions, I am confident I gave him Two Hundred Pounds worth of Advice. He heard me with great Attention, bowing, ſmiling, and ſhowing all other Inſtances of that natural good Breeding which ingenuous Tempers pay to thoſe who are elder and wiſer than themſelves. I entertained him to the following Purpoſe: I am ſorry, Sir, that your Paſſion is of ſo long a Date, for Evils are much more curable in their Beginnings; but at the ſame Time muſt allow, that you are not to be blamed, ſince your Youth and Merit has been abuſed by one of the moſt charming, but the moſt unworthy Sort of Women, the Coquets. A Coquet is a chaſt Jilt, and differs only from a common One, as a Soldier who is perfect in Exercile, does from one that is actually in Service. This Grief, like all other, is to be cured only by Time; and altho' you are convinced this Moment, as much as you will be Ten Years hence, that ſhe ought to be ſcorned and neglected, you ſee you muſt not expect your Remedy from the Force of Reaſon. The Cure then is only in Time, and the haſtening of the Cure only in the Manner of employing that Time. You have anſwered me as to Travel and a Campaigne, ſo that we have only *Great Britain* to avoid her in. Be then your ſelf, and liſten to the following Rules, which only can be of Uſe to you in this unaccountable Diſtemper, wherein the Patient is often averſe even to his Recovery. It has been of Benefit to ſome to apply themſelves to Buſineſs; but as that may not lie in your Way, go down to your Eſtate, mind your Fox-hounds, and venture the Life you are weary of over every Hedge and Ditch in the Country. Theſe are wholeſom Remedies; but if you can have Reſolution enough, rather ſtay in Town, and recover your ſelf even

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in the Town where she inhabits. Take particular Care to avoid all Places where you may possibly meet her, and shun the Sight of every Thing which may bring her to your Remembrance; there is an Infection in all that relates to her: You'll find, her House, her Chariot, her Domesticks, and her very Lap-dog, are so many Instruments of Torment. Tell me seriously. Do you think you could bear the Sight of her Fan? He shook his Head at the Question, and said, Ah! Mr. *Bickerstaff*, you must have been a Patient, or you could not have been so good a Physician. To tell you truly, said I, about the Thirtieth Year of my Age, I received a Wound that has still left a Scar in my Mind, never to be quite worn out by Time or Philosophy.

The Means which I found the most effectual for my Cure, were Reflections upon the ill Usage I had received from the Woman I loved, and the Pleasure I saw her take in my Sufferings.

I considered the Distress she brought upon me, the greatest that could befal an human Creature, at the same Time that she did not inflict this upon one who was her Enemy, one that had done her an Injury, one that had wish'd her ill; but on the Man who loved her more than any else loved her, and more that it was possible for him to love any other Person.

In the next Place, I took Pains to consider her in all her Imperfections; and that I might be sure to hear of them constantly, kept Company with those her Female Friends who were her dearest and most intimate Acquaintance.

Among her highest Imperfections, I still dwelt upon her Baseness of Mind and Ingratitude, that made her triumph in the Pain and Anguish of the Man who loved her, and of one who in those Days, without Vanity be it spoken, was thought to deserve her Love.

To shorten my Story, she was married to another, which would have distracted me had he proved a good Husband; but to my great Pleasure, he used her at first with Coldness, and afterwards with Contempt. I hear he still treats her very ill; and am informed, that she often says to her Woman, This is a just Revenge for my Falsehood to my first Love: What a Wretch am I, that might have been married to the famous Mr. *Bickerstaff*.

My Patient looked upon me with a kind of melancholy Pleasure, and told me, He did not think it was possible for a Man to live to the Age I now am of, who in his Thirtieth Year had been tortured with that Passion in its Violence: For my Part, (said he) I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep in it; nor keep Company with any body, but Two or Three Friends who are in the same Condition.

There (answered I) you are to blame; for as you ought to avoid nothing more than keeping Company with your self, so you ought to be particularly cautious of keeping Company with Men like your self. As long as you do this, you do but indulge your Distemper.

I must not dismiss you without further Instructions. If possible, transfer your Passion from the Woman you are now in Love with to another; or if you cannot do that, change the Passion it self into some other Passion; that is, to speak more plainly, find out some other agreeable Woman: Or if you can't do this, grow covetous, ambitious, litigious; turn your Love of Woman into that of Profit, Preferment, Reputation; and for a Time, give up your self entirely to the Pursuit.

This is a Method we sometimes take in Physick, when we turn a desperate Disease into one we can more easily cure.

He made little Answer to all this, but crying out, Ah, Sir! For his Passion reduced his Discourse to Interjections.

There is one Thing added, which is present Death to a Man in your Condition, and therefore to be avoided with the greatest Care and Caution; That is, in a Word, to think of your Mistress and Rival together, whether walking, discoursing, dallying——The Devil! He cried out, Who can bear it? To compose him, for I pitied him very much, the Time will come, said I, when you shall not only bear it, but laugh at it. As a Preparation to it, ride every Morning an Hour at least with the Wind full in your Face. Upon your Return, recollect the several Precepts which I have now given you, and drink upon them a Bottle of *Spaw-Water*. Repeat this every Day for a Month successively, and let me see you at the End of it. He was taking his Leave, with many Thanks, and some Appearance of Consolation in his Countenance, when I called him back to acquaint him, That I had private Information of a Design of the Coquets to buy up all the true *Spaw-Water* in Town: Upon which he took his Leave in haste, with a Resolution to get all Things ready for entring upon his Regimen the next Morning.

* * Whereas I am informed, That there is a spurious and very incorrect Edition of these Papers printed in a small Volume; These are to give Notice, That there is in the Press, and will speedily be published, a very neat Edition, fitted for the Pocket, on extraordinary good Paper, a new Brevier Letter, like the Elzevir Editions, and adorned with several Cuts by the best Artists. To which is added, a Preface, Index, and many Notes, for the better Explanation of these Lucubrations. By the Author. Who has revised, amended, and made many Additions to the Whole.

N. B. Notice shall be given in this Paper, when I conclude my 11th Volume.

Advertisements.

SIR William Read, Her Majesty's Oculist in Durham-Yard in the Strand, London, by his long Practice, and great Experience, has lately found out a Medicine that clarifies the Eyes from Suffusions, and strengthens the Optick Nerves, which infallibly prevents Cataracts in the Beginning, and preserves the Sight in Old or Young. He likewise couches Cataracts without Pain, or much Confinement, if they apply themselves to him before damaged by Pretenders; as will be attested by many Persons of Quality and others that have found the good Effect thereof. He also cures Hair-Lips, or Wry Necks, tho' never so deformed, or contracted Limbs; and has lately taken several Weens of a great Bigness; particularly one from a Gentlewoman that weigh'd 26 Pounds, without any Effusion of Blood, after the Application of his Styptick Water, which all People may be furnish'd with at his House, with the Medicines for the Eyes above-mention'd, and by my Lady Read in his Absence.

SIR Theodore Mayern's Opiate for the Teeth; makes them clean and white as Ivory, tho' never so black and rotten, fastens and preserves them from the Tooth-Ach, being an excellent Thing for preventing and killing the Scurvy; the Quantity of a large Pea rubbed on the Teeth with your Finger every Morning fasting, washed off with clean Water, until you have used one of the largest Boxes, which will be sufficient, unless greatly troubled with the Scurvy; and then may use more as Occasion requires. Price of the largest Boxes 2 s. 6 d. the lesser 1 s. 3 d. sold at Mr. Garret's under the Royal Exchange; at John's Coffee-house in Swithin's-Alley near the Royal Exchange; at the Unicorn, a Toyshop in Cheapside near Wood-street; at Mrs. Lucas's, a Toyshop at the Plough in the New Exchange in the Strand; at the Bell at the West End of St. Paul's; at the Comb under St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet-street; at Will's Coffee-house in Scotland-yard-Gate; and at Mrs. Brecknock's, Milliner at the upper End of St. James's-street Piccadilly.

This Week will be published,

A Full Account of the Convertion of Mr. John Barville, alias Barton, from Popery to the Church of England; with the Manner of his being brought up in the English College at Rome; and also of his being employed in the Popish Service in England. Wherein he plainly discloses all the secret Springs and Mysteries of their Religion, and confutes them by their own Arguments. With several other Remarks upon the horrid Maxims, Practices, and Superstitions, both of the Priests themselves, and of the People deluded by them. By the said J. Barville. Whereunto are added, the Forms of his Abjuration before Dr. Kennet, (in the Parish Church of St. Mary Aldermary) and of several other Gentlemen. And lastly, a Letter of Dr. Kennet, relating several Instances of the like Nature. Printed for J. Philips, at the Black Bull over-against the Royal Exchange in Cornhill.

PRince Eugene's most delicious Snuff, so much celebrated in most Courts of Europe, is solely dispos'd of in this Kingdom at Mr. Morris's, the Corner-House of St. Alban's-street facing Pall-Mall, seal'd up in Half-Crown Boxes; the Seal representing his Head; and round it, Prince Eugene's Snuff.

** Field's Bible, and all other Sorts and Sizes of Books and Common-Prayers, fit for Churches and Families, ruled or unruled, and in all Sorts of Binding, viz. Right Shagreen, red and blue Turky, Russia-Leather, &c. Mr. Sturt's Cuts, curiously engraven, with all other Sorts of Cuts either for Bibles or Common-Prayers; Books of the Sacrament and Devotion, bound with the Common Prayer or single; Tate and Brady's new Psalms, with the new Supplement; Duriet on the New Testament, in Folio; the fourth and last Edition of the Lord Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, &c. Winchester Manual; a new British Spelling-Book; Young's Spelling-Book; and Dr. Williams and Lewis's Catechisms, for the Use of Charity-Schools, by Wholesale or Retail, at reasonable Rates. Cases for Letters or Bills. Stains and Ink are likewise taken out of Books of Value, and Books neatly bound and gilt, by J. Hazard at the Golden Bible in Stationers-Court near the Hall within Ludgate.

Sold by *John Morphew* near *Stationers-Hall*; where *Advertisements* are taken in.